Insane Plans

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Insane Plans

by abbymyg

Summary

Hannibal wants to travel to the USA, but he's not being truthful to Will about why.

Will is going to find out.

For the bingo prompt: "more or less sane"

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Hannibal, no, we’re not having this conversation again.”

“But Will—”

“No, Hannibal.” Will lets himself fall on the armchair next to Hannibal’s. “We’re not going back to America.”

“Will, if you just listen to what I—,” he tries but it’s interrupted again.

“Do you want to get us killed!?” Will argues. “It’s not even been a year since the escape, they’re still entertaining the possibility that we might be alive.”

“No one except Uncle Jack truly believes so, darling,” Hannibal says calmly. “Even Miss. Lounds has stopped writing about us so often.”

“Yes because she’s proven to be such a trustworthy source,” Will quips back.

Hannibal takes a sip of his wine and lets the glass on the living room table before speaking again.

“Will, you told me on multiple occasions that you wished to kill Bedelia,” he says. “My sources tell me she’s back in the US, but I don’t know how long her stay will be and if she moves, I might lose track of her. If we act, we must act quickly.”

Will shakes his head and sighs, tired. They’ve talked about this at least three times in the last week.

“You don’t want to kill her anymore?” Hannibal asks.

“Of course I want to kill her!” Wil replies quickly, not an ounce of hesitation or shame in his voice. “But I don’t want to risk our freedom because of her, Hannibal,” he says, voice turning shaky. There’s a lump in his throat that wasn’t there before. “I don’t want to lose us,” he adds in a whisper.

He didn’t know how much the thought scared him until he voiced it.

“Oh, mylimasis.” Hannibal’s eyes immediately turn soft as he reaches to touch Will’s face. “I don’t want that, either. I’d first die before being forced away from you, you know that.”

“Then why do you want to do something so stupid, Hannibal?” Will asks, grabbing his hand.

“Because killing her will make you happy, and your happiness is my happiness,” he says.

Will huffs, not believing that’s the reason at all. “You just want to see me covered in your ex’s blood,” he accuses Hannibal.

“Your jealousy is a fascinating thing to witness, my love,” he admits, kissing Will’s hand.

“You’re out of your mind,” Will says, but he’s lost the strength to fight him anymore. He sits on his lap and Hannibal’s hands instantly grab his waist.

“Yes, I believe that was decided at my trial,” Hannibal says.

Will chuckles, but says: “I still don’t think this is a good idea.”

Hannibal sighs, rubbing circles on Will’s hipbone. “We'll go and leave in a flash, darling, on the same day if you want to. They won't even notice we've been there until it's too late."

"It's not the entering or leaving that worries me, it's what comes later," Will explains. "They think we're most likely dead? Good, let's keep it that way. I don't know why you would wanna change that."

Then Will realizes something and stops. He looks straight into Hannibal's eyes, searching. Hannibal allows him to, too fascinated by the way his husband's beautiful mind works to deny him.

"Wait, Hannibal." Will squints. "Is there another reason you want to go back to America?"

"What reason might that be?"

"I don't know." Will closes his eyes, eyeballs moving incessantly behind his lids.

He stays like that for a few seconds. Hannibal waits patiently, observing Will's features, the way he frowns and the tip of his tongue parts his lips as he focuses.

"Hannibal," Will says when he opens them.

"Hm?"

"Didn't you tell me you knew where Alana and Margot were living?"

"Yes, they're still in Argentina," he responds.

“Then why have you said nothing about going after them, yet jump at the opportunity to kill Bedelia as soon as you know where she is?” he asks, but doesn’t allow Hannibal time to answer as he continues. “You’re extremely patient, you’ve taken years to kill some of your victims before, then why so eager to kill her? It’s not like you to not take every necessary precaution before taking action.”

“I wouldn’t suggest we travel there if I didn’t think it was safe,” Hannibal says.

“Bullshit,” Will shakes his head. “You can’t know what the FBI is doing, not unless you have connections in there, which you no longer possess. So you must have an ulterior motive, something you have to or want to do, and for some reason, it cannot wait. You’re on a time limit.”

“And what might that be?” Hannibal’s eyes gleam with adoration. It never ceases to amaze him how easily Will can read him. He strokes a line up his spine.

“I’m not sure,” Will says, tilting his head. “If you know about Bedelia from ‘a source’ that means that Chiyoh is in America,” he says. “If you wanted to take something to bring here, if you needed something that was left behind, you would simply ask *her* to bring it. It wouldn’t be the first time. So whatever this is, it needs to be handled personally, by both of us, for some reason.”

“As always, Will, your detective work is remarkable,” the psychiatrist says.

“What is it then?” Will asks. He’s not going to let it go.

Hannibal sighs, defeated, but not all angered because of it. He can’t get angry with Will, as annoying and counterproductive as his gift can be sometimes.

“Molly Foster and her son are going on vacation,” Hannibal declares. Will tenses up immediately at the mention of her name, his grip on Hannibal tightening slightly. “She’s hiring a dog sitter.”

Will freezes, staring at Hannibal with wide eyes. His hands stop their movements on Hannibal’s back, sinking his nails into his skin instead.

“Hannibal,” he finally manages to speak. “You can’t possibly be saying…” he cuts himself off.

“I thought that I'd be a nice surprise for your birthday but…” Hannibal motions with both hands in the general direction of Will.

“You—” Will shakes his head in disbelief. “You planned to travel there, kill Bedelia, kill the dog sitter, and kidnap the dogs?” he asks, mouth hanging open. Hannibal hums in agreement. “You’re insane,” he accuses but he’s smiling.

He kisses him, grabbing his cheeks to bring their heads together. Hannibal returns the kiss with equal enthusiasm. Their tongues slide against each other perfectly and neither breaks away until they are forced apart to breathe.

Will giggles, still finding it hard to believe this is happening. “God, you’re insane,” he repeats with a beaming smile. “And I’m insane as well since I’m going to accept your ridiculous plan, aren’t I?”

“I remember I told you you were ‘more or less sane’ on our first session,” Hannibal remembers. “Perhaps that’s changed, evolved.”

Will chuckles. “And whose fault is that?” He pecks his lips. “God, this plan is ridiculous. Jack will know we are alive as soon as Molly reports the dogs’ disappearance.”

“You can still say no.”

“There’s no way I’m saying no to getting back my dogs,” Will says firmly. “But you’re insane.”

“Yes, you’ve made that abundantly clear, dear.” He smiles softly.

The man in his arms sighs deeply. Will feels warmth spreading through his body whenever he sees Hannibal smile like this, so genuinely, joyously. His heart flutters in his chest.

“I love you so much, you know?” Will says, grabbing his chin. “So, so much.” The idea of getting his dogs is finally hitting him, making his eyes water.

“And I you, my love. *Mano meilé* ,” Hannibal whispers, pressing one more gentle kiss to his lips. He can taste the saltiness of Will’s happy tears on his tongue.

End Notes

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